

The Historie

Pr. What saist thou mistress quickly, how doth thy husband?
I loue him well, he is an honest man,

Host. Good my Lord heare me?

Falst. Preethe let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou iacke.

Falst. The other night I fel a sleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turn'd bawdy house, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didst thou loose iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou belecue me Hall, three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers,

Prin. A trifle, some eight penie matter.

Host. So I told him my Lord, and I said I heard your grace say so: & my lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Ho. Theres neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. Theres no more faith in thee then in a flued prune, nor no more truth in thee then in a drawn fox, and for womanhood maid marion may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

Host. Say what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Ho. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Falst. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter sir Iohn, why an Otter?

Falst. Why? shees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art an vniust man in saying so, thou or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou saist true hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

Host. So hee doth you my Lord, and saide this other day you ought

of Henrie the

ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirrha, do I owe you a thousand

Falst. A thousand pound Hall? a million, thou owest me thy loue.

Host. Nay my Lord, he cald you iacke cudgel you.

Falst. Did I Bardol?

Bar. Indeed sir Iohn you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prin. I say tis copper, darest thou be?

Falst. Why Hall? Thou knowest a lion, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himselfe is to be feared, thinke ile feare thee as I feare thy fathers God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, howe would I kneele? but sirrha, theres no room for thee, in this bosome of thine. It is all filled with ruffe. Charge an honest woman with thee, thou horse son impudent imboist rascal, in thy pocket but tauerne reckonings, houses, and one poore peniworth of stuff long winded, if thy pocket were inried but these; I am a villain, and yet you w pocket vp wrong, art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doeest thou heare Hall, thou knaue, cencie Adam fell, & what should poor daies of villanie? thou seest I haue more & therefore more frailty. You confesse this.

Prin. It appeares so by the storie.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgieue thee, go make thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherishe me tractable to any honest reason still, nay preethe be gone. Now Hal, to the newes at court for the answered?